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HALINA RADZIVIL:
Or: The Battle of Warsaw.

A TALE OF POLAND.

By Professor Barber—author of "Polish Eloquence," "Downfall
of Nations," etc.

On the evening which preceded the memo-
rable revolution of Warsaw in 1830, two Poles
in military apparel proceeded, in deep conversa-
tion, along the winding banks of the Vistula.

The costume of the elder, consisting of the
caftan, girdle, sabre, and yellow boots, beto-
kened him to be of noble lineage. His attend-
ant, a youth about eighteen years of age, wore
the insignia of the military academy in Warsaw.

"Sire," exclaimed the younger, as he grace-
fully threw back the dark flowing ringlets which
shaded his manly forehead, and fixed his beam-
ing eyes on the face of his companion, "we are
now without the walls of the Kraga; gold has
been purchased for me this interview with my noble
father; perhaps, added he, as a dark expres-
sion of melancholy overpread his youthful coun-
tenance, "perhaps the last."

"Does the duke, then," said the elder, seek
the destruction of the ancient house of Plater?
He shall yet know."

"Speak softly!" said the young man;—"the
very winds of Poland are traitors to liberty."

The tyrant seeks the ruin of more houses than
ours. Twelve noble scions are doomed, to-
morrow, to the dungeons of Warsaw. But,

continued he, as his flashing eye expressed the
daring energies of his mind, "the cup is full—
the consummation has come. Ere you orb re-
illumes the banks of our ancient river, the Rus-
sians tyrant must flee, or perish! Two hun-
dred youths of Poland, like myself, have sworn
on the altar of their country's wrongs to assert
her freedom, or swell the hecatombs which the
monster's vengeance has already lighted."

"Noble but ill-fated project!" exclaimed the
elder Plater: "what chance for freedom has Pol-
and, before the power of the Russian autocrat?
Abandon the enterprise my son—it is useless. The
iron bonds will be more strongly riveted. Failure
will erase the name of Poland from the page of
future history, and fill the mines of
Siberia with the best and bravest of her sons."

"Father," replied Casimir Plater, "I want
nothing with honor, but I desire to see
forty thousand Poles will assemble round our
standard: 'Deo adjuvante non timendum!'—
shall be our motto. The free in Europe will
awake from their lethargy, and fly to our suc-
cessor. The die is cast—we have passed the
Rubicon—retreat is impossible, and triumph—
glory!"

"But, Sire," continued young Plater, "I trem-
ble for the house of Radzivil, when the torch
of liberty is lighted. Palina Radzivil must
not fall into the monster's power. Speed to the
Prince; warn him to place her beyond the
Polish frontiers; I will see her to-morrow. I
see my guards are approaching. Adieu, best
of fathers! Arm yourself for the events of the
morrow: the name of Plater shall not be dis-
honored by your son."

Two gens d'armes, clad in the Russian pol-
ice, dress, now approached. "Your time has
expired, young man," said they. "I am ready,"
replied Casimir, as he pressed the hand of his
parent, and departed for the state dungeon of
the capitol.

The feelings which agitated the bosoms of
the patriotic Poles were not unknown at the
palace of Belvedere. Spies had been placed
in the mansion of every noble family, and the
royal agent of the autocrat was aware that some
greater movement was about to take place; but
fear was not an element in Constantine's char-
acter, and he trusted that by striking a decisive
blow at some of the most exalted in Warsaw,
the spark of freedom would be extinguished be-
fore it could burst into a flame. In the morn-
ing succeeding the interview between Count
Plater and his son, Warsaw wore the appear-
ance of a military camp. The drums beat to
arms. A military commission was opened, at
the head of which Constantine had placed him-
self.

At ten o'clock, a military escort proceeded to
the state prison, and demanded, in the name of
Grand Duke, the military students, confined on
charge of treason. They were immediately
surrendered. A few moments brought them
before the tribunal of the tyrant.

Plater, which a firm stem and dignified air,
first ascended the platform, before his judges.
With a contemptuous expression of countenance
he gazed around on this mockery of justice, as
the chief commissioner exclaimed, "I denounce
Casimir Plater a traitor to his emperor and his
country!"

"Poland has no traitor among her free born
nobles," replied the undaunted youth. "Behold
thy companions," continued the commissioner,
pointing toward the military students who had

assembled in the hall of the tribunal, "they shall
testify against thee."

The bosom of the young soldier heaved with
indignation: he exchanged a glance with his
comrades; it was enough. Then, casting a
look of disdain on his oppressors, he replied:
"No Pole ever committed dishonor."

"Thou hast been sworn against, as a rebel and
a traitor," muttered the Duke.
"Show me my accuser," retorted to youth.

"The mines of Siberia are not yet filled," con-
tinued Constantine, "a descendant of the noble
house of Plater would grace the earth-wrought
dungeons of Tobolsk."

"Prince," replied Casimir, "there is a point
at which resistance becomes a virtue, and sil-
ence a crime. Posterity will demand at your
hands a retribution for the wrongs of Poland.
History will record this military tribunal, where
power usurps the seat of judgment, and ven-
geance the throne of mercy—from which the
accuser is banished, and the accused condemn-
ed. The future assertors of the rights of na-
tions and of men will re-echo from Warsaw to
St. Petersburg this unholy mockery of the great
attributes of justice in the court of kings—
They will record their verdict against the faith
of princes, on the ruin of Poland's freedom, in
characters of blood."

"Could I alone," continued Casimir, "be offered
as a propitiatory sacrifice between Poland
and her wrongs—could the yawning gulfs of
your northern capital receive me as the last of
her Polish victims, I would, like another
Curtius, plunge into the lake and save my coun-
try. But the descendant of the house of Plater
is a fraction in the vast unit of destruction—
Where is the ancient house in Warsaw, that
mourns not some inmate whose groans rever-
berate through your Siberian dungeons, until
the genius of misery shrieks affrighted at the
sound? the youth in full vigor of manhood who
enters to day, and whose head grows hoary in
your subterranean prisons, as the eternal
snows which cover their unheeded summits."

"Let the youthful hero be shorn of his hair,
scourged, and sent off for Siberia," said Con-
stantine, as Plater concluded his address; "away
with him, my guards!"

At this moment a Polish lady, elegantly at-
tired in a garb of deep mourning, rushed through
the crowd, and threw herself at the feet of the
Duke, in the hall of the tribunal. It was Lo-
doiska, the mother of Casimir Plater. The
council stood in mute astonishment, until Con-
stantine exclaimed: "Who thus presumes to
obtrude herself in the courts of Warsaw?"

"The mother of the youth thou hast but now
doomed to slavery," replied Lodoiska.

"Great Duke, the noblest element of great-
ness is mercy; the greatest exercise of power
—forgiveness. Let a daughter of unhappy
Poland plead before you in behalf of an unfor-
tunate but noble son!"

"My guards, remove this maniac from the
hall," exclaimed the tyrant, a woman's tears
cannot wash out the blackness of guilt, or ob-
struct the infliction of its penalties."

"Thou hast truly spoken, tyrant," replied
Lodoiska: "a woman's tears cannot wash out
the stains of guilt; an angel's could not cleanse
the foul pollution of thine. Humanity instinct-
ively shrinks at thy approach; nature recoils in
horror, as thy sanguinary hand pollutes her al-
ters or thy blood tracked footsteps desolate her
plains."

"Lodoiska becomes eloquent," replied Con-
stantine, scornfully.

"Hear me, thou descendant of the Czars,"
resumed the wretched mother: "the blood thou
hast wantonly shed has ascended to heaven—
it waits thy coming, at the great tribunal. On
earth, too, thou shalt have thy trials. You
sun, which now careers through a cloudless
sky, shall not decline while thy feet tread the
halls of Belvedere; the ramparts around thy
castellated mansion shall be torn from their founda-
tion, and the lofty turrets of thy place guard-
ed with the flag of renovated Poland, before another
morning dawns on the city thou hast sacked
and desolated."

"Hail! sayest thou so, proud woman?" thun-
dered Constantine, as his lips quivered under
the mingled emotions of shame and rage. "Thy
evening vespers shall be chanted in the recesses
of the citadel. Slaves, manacle this prophetic
of evil, and convey her to the northern wing of
the citadel."

"Lodoiska and Poland!" shouted a thousand
voices, as the mother of Casimir approached
the doors of the military hall, guarded and
chained. "A rescue!—strike down the guard!
A rescue for the mother of Poland!"

The guards in vain attempted to execute their com-
mission. They were instantly overpowered
and Lodoiska conducted to the head quarters
of her son.

The shout which preceded the liberation of
Lodoiska, struck like a thunder bolt on the ear
of Constantine. The tyrant trembled. "Summon
the Russian regiment!" said he: "To the
mansion of Radzivil! Convey its inmates to the
place."

Obedient to the orders of the Duke, the Rus-
sian cavalry, headed by Col. Kreutz, proceed-
ed to the abode of Prince Radzivil. In a mo-
ment the massive doors were burst open, and
the lovely Halina, supported by two of the
autocrat's guards, was hurried onward in the
direction of Belvedere place.

Ere the escort had reached the bridge of
Sobieski, Plater and his determined band were
there.

"Liberate your captive!" shouted Casimir in
a voice that echoed along the shores of the Vis-
tula.

"Who thus opposes the orders of the Grand
Duke?" said Kreutz, advancing to the head of
his guards.

"I, Casimir Plater," re-echoed his opponent;
"the sacrifice is too great, the victims too noble,
for Russian butchery."

"Rash youth! thy blood be upon thy head!"
cried Kreutz, waving his sword over the head
of Plater. With the velocity of lightning,
Casimir unsheathed his weapon. A tremen-
dous blow levelled at the young Poleward was
as dexterously parried. He advanced, made
a thrust and buried his sword in the bosom of
the Russian commander.

"For thy blood, soldier of the autocrat, I shall
not be answerable at the final appeal," said
Casimir, as he gazed for a moment on the
bloody corpse. The Poles, animated by the
chivalry of their leader, pierced the ranks of
the Russians, and drove them from their posi-
tion. But Halina Radzivil lay, during the
contest, been conveyed to the palace of Con-
stantine, and was now in the presence of the
tyrant.

"Daughter of Radzivil," said he, "it is in thy
power to quell the rebellion in which thy coun-
trymen are engaged."

"Dost thou, brother of the autocrat, claim
protection at the hands of a captive thou hast
enslaved?" replied Halina—a weak, unprotected
woman, whom thy rude soldiery have forced
from the ancient abode of her fathers to a
royal prison?"

"Woman, retorted the duke, "thou art in my
power; thy father and brother, in chains, are
in the western wing of the palace; before day
declines, their heads shall grace your ramparts,
should the son of Plater, thy lover, continue the
contest. He is now before the most which sur-
rounds the outer gate. Thou hast but com-
manded, and he withdraws his force. Reflect—
and refuse, if thy courage permits. The
forfeit is the extinction of the race and name
of the house of Radzivil."

"An inhuman, an awful, but a willing sacri-
fice," cried the heroic girl, "to thee, my beloved
Poland!" as she gazed, unappalled, on the fea-
tures of her royal jailer.

"Thou refusest, then, maid of Warsaw?"
said Constantine.

"I scorn the bribe, great as it is, for which
I have invited to rush the rising liberties of my
country," she replied. "Halina Radzivil stands
before the tribunal of nations. On her decision
may rest the fate of unborn millions. The
separation of the soul from the clay which it
animates, is a trifle when weighed in the bal-
ance against the destinies of the human race—
I know thy power; the frail tenement may sink
beneath their execution, but the immortal in-
habitant is beyond thy oppression. It shall
meet thee at the bar of omnipotence!"

"I have then commanded in vain," said Con-
stantine, as the ashy paleness of death for a mo-
ment overspread his countenance. "Proud
woman," said he, "thou shalt die, and that be-
fore you sun reaches his meridian."

"Be it so, if Poland is quit of the sacrifice,"
said the unbending daughter of Radzivil—"be it so;
but I fall not unrevenged."

A loud shout proceeding from the direction
of the draw-bridge, announced to the tyrant that
the outer gates of the palace had yielded to the
force of Casimir's assault. He proceeded to
the eastern wing of the palace: a youth, bearing
the ancient flag of Poland, preceded by a
herald, demanded a parley.

"Do the rebels submit?" asked Constantine,
as the youth approached.

"Liberty, not submission, is the watchword of
renovated Poland," replied the young warrior:
"we come to require the unconditional surrender
of the house of Radzivil," commanded he, "or to
warn thee, in case of refusal, that ere the dial's
shadow points to another hour, thou shalt behold
the palace of Belvedere in ruins."

"Rather demand the traitress trunks of that
noble house," scornfully replied Constantine—
"Sentinel, conduct the subjects of Poland to the
eastern wing of Belvedere. Let him learn
from the lips of Halina the recklessness of
his attempt—the certainty of its consequences."

The youth followed his guide through a wind-
ing staircase and reached the prison, to the
chamber of Halina: the door was open and
there, imploring the protection of Heaven on her
hero and her country, knelt the graceful form
of her whose life trembled in the balance of her
country's fate. The beautiful girl calmly rose
from her bending posture, as the sentinel an-
nounced the entrance of a stranger. The guide
retired, and the young Pole, muffled in a mili-
tary surcoat, entered the apartment.

Halina stretched forth her hand; "My coun-
trymen," said she, "whether friend or stranger,
you are welcome to the forced abode of Rad-
zivil's daughter."

The young soldier threw back his cloak; it
was Casimir Plater!

"How hast thou passed the guards?" said the
undimmed girl, gazing on the face of her
lover.

"By the command of the tyrant," replied Pla-
ter. "I bore to him a flag of truce, and un-
known, have gained admittance. Beloved
of my heart!" continued he, "what says the mon-
ster?"

"He demands the withdrawal of the troops or
a forfeiture which he deems equivalent," replied
Halina.

"What is the forfeiture?" said Casimir, as he
perceived the blood forsake the countenance of
Halina.

"Seek not to know, noble Plater," replied his
companion, "compared with the accomplishment
of thy great design, the forfeiture is a drop of
water to the ocean."

"Halina," said the young hero, "thou wilt not
deny my request: we may meet no more—
What is the forfeiture this royal wretch de-
mands?"

"The destruction of the house of Radzivil,"
replied the high-souled daughter.

"Inhuman monster!—thou hast not yet suf-
ficiently glutted thyself in human blood, but that
the most noble house in Warsaw must fill the
measure of thy crimes! Halina, I cannot sacri-
fice thee. Poland must fall!"

"Not while Casimir Plater claims the hand of
Halina Radzivil," she replied. "Treasured as
thou art in my heart," continued she, "I would
scorn the proffered hand of a traitor to Poland,
and reject an alliance with thy noble family,
should the sun of my country's liberties set in
the liberation of her captive daughter. Proceed
in the glorious cause. The stake for which
thou contendest is priceless and incomparable.
I will not say to thee, in this hour of trial, Pol-
and has other daughters. I know thy faith—
Yon orb," said she, pointing to the sun "is not
more pure, nor his returns more constant—
Commend thy Halina to Heaven—thy courage
and perseverance to thy country. Depart, be-
loved Plater," continued Halina, as she placed
her miniature in his hand; "on the day of trial
look on this. Yet stay a moment; lend me thy
dagger. I shudder at the thought of self-de-
struction; yet are there cases in which even that
act may be a virtue."

"What is the issue of thy interview with the
daughter of Radzivil?" said Constantine, as Cas-
imir descended toward the lower corridor of
the palace.

"The secrets of Poland's daughter are secure
with her sons," replied Casimir. "Thou wilt
know, ere evening shades thy palace. Am I at
liberty to depart?"

"Thou art," returned Constantine.

Young Plater, preceded by his herald, soon
reached his assembled companions. A shout
which shook the walls of the tyrant's palace,
announced his arrival.

"What is the answer of the Duke," demanded
a hundred voices.

"He refuses to release the captives," replied
Casimir.

"Storm the palace!—raze the monster's man-
sion to the dust!—cried the military compan-
ions of Casimir—"Poland and Liberty!"

"My comrades," said Casimir, "caution must
be our watch-word. We must be wary in our
approach to the den of the monster. He must
have a chance to escape. The fate of the house
of Radzivil depends on this circumstance: and
who among you would require the possession
of the tyrant, at the sacrifice of this noble fam-
ily?"

"Not a son of Poland," rejoined his compan-
ions. "Let the Duke escape."

"Three cheers," said Plater, "and then for the
palace!"

"The acclamation reached the ears of Con-
stantine. The words 'storm the palace!' had
scarcely fled from the enthusiastic Poles, ere
he entered the chamber of Halina.

"Impudent maid," exclaimed he, "why dost
thou court death?"

"I court the freedom of Poland," she replied,
"even at the price which it has cost decreed—
Know, Duke, the blood of Kosciusko still runs
in the veins of Poland's daughters."

"My guards," said Constantine, conduct hither
Prince Radzivil and his son."

The soldiers retired at the Command, and re-
turned with the noble captives.

"Behold the offering," said Halina, as she gazed
on her father and brother; "behold the
victims for the sacrifice. But thou," turning to
Constantine, "art not the officiating priest at the
altar."

"Sayst thou so, maiden?" replied Constantine.
"Executioners, approach!"

"Stand back! ye murdering ministers—ye
accused agents of another's crime!" exclaimed
Halina, as her eye turned from the assassins to
their employer: "the blood you seek is too pure
for your cowardly daggers!"

"I command you to do your duty!" thundered
the Duke. "The ruffians again approached
to fulfill the awful commission."

"Take then the reward of guilt!" said the
daughter of Radzivil, as she plunged the point
of Plater into the bosom of the foremost as-
sassin: "a pity, yet have destroyed thee!"

Constantine, petrified with astonishment, gazed
with conscious horror on the body of the
executioner, as it writhed in the agonies of
death.

"The blood of that man shall be demanded at
thy hand, Russian Duke," said Halina, "when
we meet before the bar of Heaven. Mine was

an act of justice, not revenge. The life of a
parent demanded the pardon of a daughter—
Thou seest how strong, when virtue nerves
them, are the arms of Sarranitis' maidens."

A crash in the court yard now announced
that the inner gates of the palace had been
forced. "To the rescue of the Radzivils!" was
heard in every quarter. "If they be safe, give
quarter to the tyrant—if not, be his fate as theirs."

Plater rushed to the eastern chamber: in a
moment, the door was opened. My Halina
safe! Spirit of the Universe, I thank thee!"
said he, as he clasped the lovely girl to his bos-
om.

"Where is the tyrant?" exclaimed the inflam-
ed soldiery, "He has escaped," said Halina, "by
a secret passage."

"Mother, I have fulfilled thy prophecy," said
Plater; "the evening sun has not found the ty-
rant in the palace of Belvedere. And now, my
Halina, I demand thy bridal hand at the altar,
before the face of Heaven, and on the dawn of
Poland's regeneration.—[Knickerbocker.]

SOMETHING LIKE A REVEE.

A trifling rumour was kicked up a few nights
somewhere "down town," in the course
of which several "blooms" made no small dis-
play of the "science," and some first rate "game
chickens" were "wide awake" on the occasion
to the no small discomfiture of the "Charles"
who happened to "bundle up" some of the
"rum'uns" and "goat" them to the "wanderer's
home." The origin of the "flare up," was at a
"hoe down" the refined cognomen for select
ball, and as our informant states, an affair of
the heart was at the bottom of it. The origi-
nal combatants were a tailor and a wheelright—
at least so the story goes the latter having too
ardently expressed his sentiments to the "lady
love" of the former, and calumniated half her heart.
We shall endeavor to describe the "breeze" in
the manner of our informant.

"Dang my luttons!" exclaimed the tailor,
clenching his fist. "I'll stick your jacket for
you, you threadbare pattern of mortality, I'm as
hard and as hot as a goose—and can walk
needles into you!"

"Old Virginny never tire!" replied the
wheelright, "I'm spoke's-man on this occasion—
Hammer away, I'll rivet the hub—you haint-
a-going for to come huckleberry over my pic-
nimon no how!"

"Smash his top lights," said a sailor, "give
him your longline—pepper his hull—walk into
his figurehead."

"I'll play second to you!" shouted the fid-
dler, "sound his key-note—knock him into ten
demiseniquavers—make him reel he's only
semibreve."

"Semi-brave yourself!" said a tallow-chand-
ler, "you'll boil over—you're a wicked man,
and I'll draw the fat out your suet in short or-
der."

"He'll bust his boiler," exclaimed an en-
gineer, "shut his valve—go on high pressure
system—come the lever over him and make
both paddles work at once."

"Batter his face," said a printer, he's not
justified in imposing on a man—knock him in-
to pi—use your mallet well—chase him up—
give him the shooting-stick, drive up his quins,
gouge his p's, and he's a gone case!"

"Square accounts with him," rejoined a clerk
give him a receipt in full, double entry my boy
rib his point for him, and make the real red ink
flow, per contra creditor!"

"Who's afraid?" vociferated a doctor,
"phlebotomize, operate on his exterior, anatomi-
zize him, lay him out with a galvanic battery,
come the pestle over him."

"Heel him," added a shoemaker, "he's got
no sole—was it into him—give him his last, &
Hammer his upper leather—his grinding strap
is broken—give him no quarters."

"Trades and professions thus discordantly
mingled, with some of the guardians of the night
interfered, and put their veto on their unpropo-
sitions proceedings."

"Keep peace," said they, "or we'll make
but one peace of you all. Come, Mossey—we
night watches never go on tick—for we are
knights of the night, and though we keep our
beats, yet we are not sparing of them, when oc-
casion requires. So walk Spanish the whole
of ye!"

Balt. Visitor.

The Laws. The following emphatic pas-
sage is from a sermon recently preached in
Boston by the Rev. N. L. Frothingham.

"Take the laws as they are,—they are the
only barrier between you and the robber's vi-
olence and the assassin's knife; and I would
say, reverse them. Thwart them not. Stand
by their decision. Come to their help, all good
men and true. Let them not be made ineffec-
tual by our weak reluctances. Let them not be
brought into mistrust by your objections and
communications and outcries, till they have no
majesty left. Let them not be undermined by
the wasteful and wasteful tale of a mistaken phi-
lanthropy. In the name of the divine equity,
for the sake of the common protection, stay
them not in their righteous though terrible go-
ings. Every attempt to invade their sphere
decrees a public wrong. Every voice that
is sworn to judge only according to the law
and conscience, and then refuses to speak but
according to private pity, is false to its oaths."

The prospectus for an Extra Globe, issued by Messrs. Blair & Rives, occupies about three columns of their paper, is very ably written, and contains a large amount of interesting and valuable political information, and a full history of the plans of the proslavery opposition in reference to the approaching presidential canvass. We have not sufficient room to enable us to publish the prospectus in full—but we call the reader's particular attention to the extracts which follow:—

"It is now settled that the three opposition candidates, as first presented in the several sections of the Union, to keep the party from disbanding, as lieutenants of the real leaders of the coalition, shall continue in the field. Electoral tickets in favour of Harrison, will be proposed only in the States of VERMONT, NEW YORK, PENNSYLVANIA, MARYLAND, DELAWARE, OHIO, INDIANA, and KENTUCKY, EIGHT STATES, giving one hundred thirty-three electoral votes. Webster's ticket will be confined to MAINE, NEW HAMPSHIRE, MASSACHUSETTS, CONNECTICUT, RHODE ISLAND, and NEW JERSEY, SIX STATES, giving fifty-one electoral votes. White is the candidate of the coalition in the South, and their electoral tickets are to be run in his name only in the States of VIRGINIA, NORTH CAROLINA, SOUTH CAROLINA, GEORGIA, TENNESSEE, LOUISIANA, MISSISSIPPI, ILLINOIS, ALABAMA, and MISSOURI, TEN STATES, giving one hundred and forty-five votes. It requires one hundred and forty-five votes (the majority or two hundred and eighty-eight, electoral votes) to elect a President. It is obvious, therefore, that if the opposition candidates were each to succeed in carrying their electoral tickets in the several States where they are presented, and the Democratic candidates were defeated in them all, that no election would be made by the People. It is conceded, however, even by the opposition, that Mr. Van Buren will obtain the vote of several States in each of the districts assigned to the separate tickets of White, Webster, and Harrison. The only hope of the opposition rests on the possibility of sectional and personal influences operating so far in favour of their candidates, as to prevent the Republican candidate from obtaining the requisite majority, and thus devolve the election on the House.

In the House the Federal party have a control over the following States: MASSACHUSETTS, VERMONT, MARYLAND, DELAWARE, OHIO, KENTUCKY, SOUTH CAROLINA, ALABAMA, LOUISIANA, and TENNESSEE—10.

There is a Democratic representation from MAINE, NEW HAMPSHIRE, RHODE ISLAND, CONNECTICUT, NEW YORK, NEW JERSEY, PENNSYLVANIA, VIRGINIA, GEORGIA, INDIANA, and ILLINOIS—11.

The States of NORTH CAROLINA, MISSISSIPPI, and MISSOURI, are equally divided in their representation in the House.

If, then, the avowed object of the opposition—avowed in their public presses—should be accomplished in giving the choice of Chief Magistrate to the House, (each State voting through the ballots of a majority of its representatives in the House,) it would follow that there would be no election, unless some members of the Federal phalanx in the House should comply with the will of their constituents, and vote against their party, for their own inclination, and principles; or unless a portion of the Democratic side should surrender the cause of their constituents.

Their presses, once all in discord, are now in happy harmony. The three President candidates are linked together by their nomination for the Vice-Presidency. Granger's name is associated with Webster's ticket in Massachusetts, and with Harrison's in Ohio. Tyler's ticket bears the white flag in Virginia, and blends it with that of Harrison in Maryland. Granger is to identify antislavery with Webster in the east, and Harrison in the west. Tyler is to reconcile nullification to White and the severe section of the Force Bill—and, at the same time, reconcile the advocates of southern principles to Harrison and the American System. The effect of these arrangements are a ready visible to every observer. The friends of Clay, of Calhoun, of Webster, of the Bank, all support White in the south. They are all embodied on Harrison in the middle section, and on Webster himself in the east. There is no symptom of dissension in the allotted divisions among Harrison men, Webster men, White men. The affinity is so perfect that all the White men will vote for Harrison north of the Potomac, and for Webster north of the Hudson; and so Webster's friends are for Harrison west, and White south—Harrison on his part, with equal courtesy in return, resigning his friends on one hand to Webster, and on the other to White, within the sphere of their respective tickets.

If the artifices of the opposition prevail in bringing the election to the House, they must there encounter new obstacles which only can be vanquished by perpetrating a succession of enormities against the rights of the People. The first step is to unite the votes of the ten States represented in the House by a majority of Federal members from each, upon one of the coalition candidates. If Harrison should be the elect of the party in the House, Webster and White must vote their quota of States for him, although he shall not have received one vote from the People north or south, and although it is clearly admitted, by the fact of not running a ticket in his name in the two sections to be transferred, that he could not contend there successfully with the Democratic candidate, yet the votes of the White and Webster representatives in the House must be given to him against the will of their constituents. If it should be White's lot to be the candidate of the factions in the House, (we suppose it will be de-

termined by lot,) then Webster's and Harrison's friends must vote for him, although nothing can be more notorious than the fact that Judge W. is not an electoral vote from the People north of the Potomac and Ohio. This is universally admitted on all hands, and yet he is to be passed into the House to have the votes of States given him by members of Congress, whose constituents utterly abjure him as President. If the tables should be turned so as to present Mr. Webster as the antagonist of Democracy in the secret ballot of the House, we have no doubt that the ten States would be more cheerfully made over to him by the disguised Federalists misrepresenting the southern and middle sections, than to either of his colleagues in the game of three pluck one.

But the ten States now in the power of the opposition cannot give them the Presidency. They must have the three equally divided States to compass their purposes. They cannot hope to seduce the delegations of Pennsylvania, of Virginia, of New York, in each of which the Democratic majorities are from two to one, to three to one—nor can they hope to operate upon the delegations of Maine, New Hampshire, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New Jersey, Indiana, Illinois, and Georgia, where the delegations are unanimously Democratic, with the exception of two members in Maine, and a single doubtful individual in another State. The coalition must, therefore, calculate either on defeating the election of a President altogether, or on obtaining the votes of the isolated republican members from Mississippi and Missouri, as well as carrying North Carolina, by the vote of the individual to be elected from the lately vacated district.

In eight of the States on which the coalition rely, they can only hope to succeed by the vote of a single Representative. In Louisiana, Delaware, Alabama, North Carolina, Mississippi, Missouri, Ohio, and Maryland, the balance is turned by a single vote in their favor, if their best hopes are realized. They expect the vote of Ohio, though the vote of Mr. Spangler, who admits that he represents a district in which there is a large Democratic majority; and in Maryland they must turn the scale by the vote of Mr. Turner, whose district is also decidedly Democratic. The election of one of the opposition candidates, under these circumstances, would present the spectacle not only of three of the greatest States in the Union, New York, Pennsylvania, and Virginia, entitled to ninety-five electoral votes, weighed down by the vote of a single member from each of the three smallest, Delaware, Mississippi, and Missouri, but it exhibits the monstrous injustice of eight States, each carried by the vote of a single member, counterbalancing not only the great States alluded to, and their overwhelming Democratic majorities, but five other States, Maine, New Hampshire, Connecticut, Georgia, and Indiana, in all of which the delegations are unanimous, save three votes—the eight Democratic States, in the electoral college, being entitled to one hundred and forty-one votes—the eight opposing States only sixty-six. The whole thirteen States relied on by the coalition to give them the election, being entitled to one hundred and twenty-one votes; while the eleven Democratic States, to be voted down by them in the House are entitled to one hundred and fifty-seven, a majority of thirty-six in the electoral college.

What would be the result of an election of Chief Magistrate obtained by the prostration of every principle, moral and political, which gave being to the system under which we live?—Obtained by putting public opinion under foot—prostrating the representative body—and making the forms of the Government a mere machinery to work out the schemes of adroit politicians, contriving to render it a great treadmill for the nation, in which the People are to do the work—to walk round and round to put it in motion—while the cunning managers are to direct all its power to their own purposes? Would not such an example of the degradation of all popular authority in the Government, of the success of fraud on the part of a few, alienate the affections of the People from our dear cherished institutions, and beget a spirit in the country, which, in laboring to unseat the power of the triumphant faction, might unsettle the Government itself? What administration could conduct the affairs of the high spirited and intelligent community of American republics, when the chief of it should have attained his power, first by deception and treachery to the People, and next by the vilest collusion, traffic, and prostitution, among political confederates? Could there be more forms of a violated constitution prevent a wronged and insulted nation of freemen from rising in revolt to resume their rightful control in the Government; and would not be anarchy which has marked the triumph of fraud and force in the South American republics, fall on us with its curse of continual revolution?

Mr. VAN BUREN. The federal prints teem with charges against Mr. Van Buren's character, (for in his conduct they can find nothing to reproach,) representing him as narrow minded and selfish in the extreme, incapable of generous feeling, or of attachment to men and principles from any other than narrow views of immediate advantage to himself. These charges are not attempted to be proved by any sufficient evidence, and a denial of their truth is met by a simple repetition of the falsehood. Now we undertake to say that as far as facts are concerned, there is not in the public eye a man who so little merits these charges of cold and selfish policy, as Mr. Van Buren. Desertion of a friend and injustice to an enemy are two things of which Mr. Van Buren was never accused. To an almost romantic attachment to

the very first step of his life is one of the most remarkable instances of firm attachment to principle on record. He was surrounded by federal influence. He was courted and caressed by some of the greatest men who ever acted as leaders of the federal party, which was at that time in a large majority in his native country. Every inducement was held out to him to take that then popular side in politics; but neither the allurements of wealth and office or the promises and persuasions of the great could lure him for a moment from a zealous advocacy of those great principles of Democracy, which he had inherited from a study of the political writings of the founders of the democratic party and the prevalence of which he considered essential to the preservation of the rights and liberties of the people. It is true that he did not abuse the proffered favor which he could not accept—on the contrary he met and acknowledged the friendship of his would-be benefactors with all the returns not inconsistent with a firm adherence to the principles of democracy; and though he was subsequently separated from them, politically, as far as the East is from the West, he has ever remained on terms of personal friendship with them and received repeated testimonials of their highest respect for his integrity and talents.

The friends of Mr. Van Buren are of that stamp which few other men possess. They are men of the strictest political and private integrity; of enlarged and comprehensive views; utterly above the desire of office or of wealth, or of any thing that power can bestow—in fine, men who make friends from any other than what are usually denominated selfish motives. They are not the mere sunshine friends who are the dangers of the powerful and the great—in such men, though they have at times surrounded him, Mr. Van Buren has never confided—but friends whose attachment has abided—may be strengthened, by persecution and defeat. Such a friend *par excellence*, and by the acknowledgment of all, is B. F. BUTLER, the present Attorney General of the United States; and scores of others of the same stamp might be named who are the fast friends of Mr. Van Buren, and who became attached to him, not from the desire of power or office, but by talents which excited their respect, and integrity and patriotism and manly virtue, which won their affection and esteem. Are these such friends as selfish and intriguing men draw around them? Were the venerable Judge SMITH of Alabama and the venerable NATHANIEL MASON of North Carolina, men whose purity and independence and patriotism even a reckless party press has never attempted to suspect—ever known to attach themselves to such a man as Mr. Van Buren is represented to be by his political opponents? Could these distinguished men and many others have formed the strong attachment to Mr. Van Buren which they are known to entertain in preference to other public men from their own section of country, unless his character and conduct had afforded them indisputable evidence of qualities of mind and heart eminently deserving their esteem and friendship?

We have one more item of testimony to present before we leave this subject—a sufficient answer in itself, to every one of the charges above adverted to against Mr. Van Buren's character. Taken in connexion with his well known popularity in his own State—a State which he could always carry at the polls against any competitor however formidable—it completely demolishes the whole ground-work on which the proslavery party profess to found their opposition to him. We refer to the unanimous testimonial to the integrity and estimable character of Mr. Van Buren, given by the New York Legislature, on his retirement from the office of Governor of New York, to accept a station in Gen. Jackson's first cabinet. The man who can believe that such a character as his enemy's attribute to Mr. Van Buren could have elicited from a body of men, among whom were many decided political opponents, an unanimous expression of respect and esteem, can believe any thing that ought not to be believed.—Age.

We are right glad to see the tone of the Republican press of New Hampshire, just on the eve of the assembling of the State Legislature. There seems to be but one sentiment there—a determination to grant no more Bank charters, but to commence restricting the issue circulation of small bills. It seems to us—that the policy is little short of suicidal to legislate to prohibit small bills for the purpose of procuring a specie currency in their stead, while at the same time, banks are created, and an influence in time, built up, to repeal it. This is one of the most prominent reasons why we regret the result of our own legislation last winter. The true policy, and the safest, is to take a firm stand against additional Banking corporations, and to reclaim for the people their fair share of the circulation, in gold and silver. The multistatement of Banks in nearly every State for the last two years, clearly points out this as the only sure and practicable safeguard for the equal rights of the people.

The Journal of Commerce says—The instalments of the French Indemnity now due, are probably before this time on their way to the United States, in specie. Four instalments, out of six, we believe are now due. Consequently the amount to be received at this time is 15,666,664 francs, or about \$3,000,000.—Id.

OXFORD HERALD.

Paris, May 24, 1836.

REPUBLICAN NOMINATIONS.

FOR PRESIDENT.

MARTIN VAN BUREN, of New York.

FOR VICE-PRESIDENT.

RICHARD M. JOHNSON, of Kentucky.

Our friends who are indebted to us for the Democratic ticket more than one year, are respectfully requested to settle the same. Our Advertising friends whose accounts are of more than three months standing would confer a favor by advancing the same.

The S. J. C. met held in this County last week, adjourned on Thursday evening. The questions of law were disposed of on the first day. Solomon Carter, who was confined in jail on charge of murder, was indicted for manslaughter only. A continuance was asked for by his counsel, and granted on the ground of the absence of a material witness. He was ordered to recognize in the sum of \$1500, with a surety in the like sum. He has not yet obtained bail. Marshal & Hiram Andrews were indicted for passing counterfeit money. John C. Dwyer, their accomplice, who had turned States evidence and was used as a witness before the Justice, absconded, and forfeited his recognizance, \$500. Each of the Andrews gave bail in the like sum with sureties. The indictment contained five counts. The first of which was for having in their possession ten counterfeit bills, was not sustained by the evidence. The second count, was for having in possession, with an intent to pass, four counterfeit bills on the Kendallbank Bank; and each of the other three counts was for passing a counterfeit bill to different individuals. The defendants had succeeded in obtaining possession of all the bills we believe except one, so that they could not be fully described in the indictment. They severally pleaded not guilty. In the course of the forenoon the Attorney General gave notice that before the adjournment of the Court at noon, he should move that the bonds of the defendants be increased, stating that he was apprehensive that they would avoid before the verdict was rendered. This motion was opposed by the defendants counsel, and the Court declined granting the motion then, as was afterwards stated, lest it might prejudice the defendants in the minds of the Jury, as carrying an intimation that the Court thought them guilty. The defendants were ordered to leave the Court about twelve o'clock, before the evidence was closed on the part of the government. At the opening of the Court in the afternoon they were not to be found. Their counsel under these circumstances, declined arguing the case to the jury, and it was submitted under the direction of the Court. They were found guilty on all the Counts in the indictment except the first. They were defaulted on their recognizance and a capias issued for their apprehension. They have not yet been taken. Simon C. Gleason, who was under an indictment for counterfeiting silver coin, and ——— Rich who had been convicted of the same offence were severally defaulted on their recognizance.

We have received the first number of a new paper published at Brunswick in this State, called the *Regulator*, which professes to advocate the principles and support the cause of democracy. Its appearance is respectable and we welcome it as an ally in defending the rights of the people.

By a prospectus published in this day's paper our readers are informed that the Eastern Magazine published at Bangor, and the Portland Magazine are to be united and published hereafter at Bangor, under the name of the Maine Magazine. It is to be under the care of Samuel K. Gilman as Editor, and Mrs. Ann S. Stephens who has heretofore conducted the Portland Magazine, is engaged to contribute to its columns. We think this arrangement will be a decided improvement, and that their united efforts will render the publication an interesting and valuable one, well deserving the liberal support of the people of this State, and more especially entitled to the patronage of our female readers.

We have often had occasion to regret that the narrow limits of our weekly sheet, has prevented us from gratifying our readers with many things the perusal of which has furnished us with both profit and delight. Among the things that have from this cause alone been excluded from our columns, we mention the speech of Mr. Benton on his resolutions for expunging from the Journal of the Senate the condemnation of the President for removing the deposits, passed during the memorable panic Session of that body. Notwithstanding the length of this speech, its eloquence and force of argument are such as to make it deserving the attentive perusal of all the friends of the administration. It displays in no enviable light the motives and conduct of the actors in that scene, and the opposition press have found it much more convenient to sneer at than to answer or refute the charges and arguments therein contained. For that effort Mr. Benton deserves the thanks of the democracy of the whole country, and he will receive them.

Francis Brinley Jr. of Boston, and Lyman Rawson of Rumford, Esquires, were admitted to practise as Counsellors in the S. J. Court at the Term holden in this place last week.

Better News from Texas.

We learn from a slip from the office of the New Orleans Bulletin, dated April 24th, that the Texan Government schooner *Invincible*, had arrived there, bringing information that 1200 Mexicans had crossed the Colorado—800 men at San Felipe, and 400 at Fort Bend;—The Colorado had overflowed its banks, and 12 hundred Mexicans cannot retreat. Houston had despatched Maj. Baker with 400 men against 400 Mexicans, and was advancing himself with his whole force upon the Mexican division, whose retreat to the main army was impossible. The total destruction of the 1200 was deemed certain. We also learn that 73 unarmed emigrants, who left New Orleans for Copano, and were landed at that port, trusting themselves unarmed in the power of the Mexicans, were in two hours butchered by the soldiery.

Dr. Harrison, son of Gen. Harrison of North Bend, Ohio, was, while travelling with three American Gentlemen, taken by the Mexicans, horribly mutilated, his body cut down, and his bowels torn out and left in that situation before his life was extinct! The wife of Dr. Harrison was passenger in the *Invincible*.

The *Invincible* fell in with the Mexican sloop, *Montezuma*, at anchor off the Santiago. An action immediately took place, with a running

fight of several hours, which terminated in the sinking of the *Montezuma* before she reached the shore to which she was running. She was prepared to convey to Galveston Bay about 2,000 men; the expedition is now destroyed.—The *Invincible* had not a man wounded. [The Mexican account of the engagement above referred to, states that the action resulted without loss.]

Latest from Texas.
The New Orleans Bee publishes intelligence from Quintana, mouth of Brasos, to the 16th April. Twelve hundred Mexicans were passing in Brasos at Fort Bend; Gen. Houston, with about the same number, was within a few miles, to attack them. All were confident of the success of Houston. The Bee says the fate of Fanning's men is confirmed.

The Journal of Commerce has the following extract of a letter from an officer of the U. S. army dated:

Fort Jessup, April 12, 1836.
The accounts from Texas are truly distressing. Col. Fanning's command, there is no doubt, has been entirely destroyed by the Mexican army. A report reached Nacogdoches that the Indians and Mexicans were in large force to the north of that city, and ready to fall upon the defenceless inhabitants. In consequence these people have fled to the Sabine River (at Gaines' ferry) in crowds. The river is very high and great difficulty is experienced in crossing them over. The road between this place and the Sabine has been crowded with families fleeing from the savage Mexicans and less savage Indians. General Gaines left here to-day with 14 companies, for the purpose, I suppose of preventing the incursion of Mexican forces on our side of the Sabine river. The general is too prudent to involve us in a war, unless he has a proper and just cause. Therefore, we calculate upon having an active campaign, but not fighting. I say to you, that a large force is to be in the field on this frontier, and consequently we must be active.

GRAND NEWS FROM TEXAS.
The subjoined news, which we hope may be true, we find in the New York Commercial Advertiser of Tuesday evening.

Great news from the Texan Army—A General Battle—Santa Anna and Cos taken Prisoners with all their officers—One half of the Mexican Army destroyed—Triumph of General Houston, with loss of only six men killed and twenty wounded.

We have this morning received through the New Orleans papers the unexpected and astounding news of the complete success of the Texan army, under General HOUSTON, over the Mexican Army commanded by general SANTA ANNA; himself, his brother and second in command, General Cos, and their officers, taken prisoners, with the loss of 700 men killed and 500 taken prisoners. This body formed the largest of two divisions of the Mexicans, the two bodies being divided by the river Brasos, whose sudden rise prevented their junction. The accounts are from various and respectable sources, and there is little in them of a conflicting character. It is a fair inference, therefore, that they are substantially true.

POSTSCRIPT.
CONFIRMATION Since the above was in type, we are assured that a letter has been received by a mercantile house in this city, dated New Orleans, 3d May, at the closing of the mail; that the steamboat *Romeo* had that morning arrived at New Orleans from Natchitoches confirming all the particulars as related in the foregoing paragraph.

A letter had been received at New Orleans from General Houston himself, dated April 20th, a few hours before the battle, in which he states that Gen. Santa Anna was marching on him with an army of 1500 men, and that he had placed his troops in ambush to cut them off.

UNITED STATES AND FRANCE.
The following message was received from the President of the U. S., and read.

Washington, May 10, 1836.

To the Senate and House of Representatives:—Information has been received at the Treasury Department that the four instalments under our treaty with France have been paid to the agent of the United States. In communicating this satisfactory termination of our controversy with France, I feel assured that both Houses of Congress will unite with me in desiring and believing, that the anticipation of a restoration of the ancient cordial relations between the two countries, expressed in my former messages on this subject, will be speedily realized. No proper exertion of mine shall be wanting to efface the remembrance of those misconceptions that have temporarily interrupted the accustomed intercourse between them.

ANDREW JACKSON.
This message was referred to the Committee on Foreign Relations, and ordered to be printed.

THE TWO MONUMENTS! Bunker's Hill and Mount Benedict—both monuments of disgrace!—The one proving that the glory of our ancestors, which should inspire us, exists not in our breasts in sufficient strength, to make us place the capstone upon the obelisk erected to baffle the remembrance of their deeds—the other an evidence that respect for the laws of those ancestors has fled—and that nothing exists to stay the hand of violence—to guard the inviolable rights of our citizens. The stain of the former may be wiped away, let it be speedily done!—Who shall rob the latter of its enormity—and erase from it its stain?—Boston Galaxy.

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